

*The history*

Out of those many registred in promise,  
Which you say liue to come in my behalfe:

*Aga.* What wouldst thou of vs Trojan make demand?

*Calc.* You haue a Trojan prisoner cald *Antenor*,  
Yesterday tooke, Troy holds him very deere.  
Oft haue you (often haue you thanks therefore)  
Desird my *Cressed* in right great exchange.  
Whom Troy hath still deni'd, but this *Antenor*,  
I know is such a wrest in their affaires:  
That their negotiations all must slacke,  
Wanting his mannage and they will almost,  
Giue vs a Prince of blood a Sonne of *Pryam*,  
In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence,  
Shall quite strike of all seruice I haue done,  
In most accepted paine.

*Aga.* Let *Diomedes* beare him,  
And bring vs *Cressid* hither, *Calcas* shall haue  
What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*.  
Furnish you farcly for this enterchange,  
Withall bring word If *Hector* will to morrow,  
Bee answered in his challenge, *Ajax* is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I vndertake, and tis a burthen  
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

*Uli.* *Achilles* stands ith entrance of his tent,  
Please it our generall passe strangely by him:  
As if he were forgot, and princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him,  
I will come last, tis like heele question mee.  
Why such vnpausue eyes are bent? why turnd on him,  
If so I haue derision medecinable,  
To vse betweene your strangnes and his pride,  
Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke,  
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse,  
To show it selfe but pride: for supple knees,  
Feed arrogance and are the proud mans fees.

*Aga.* Weele execute your purpose and put on,

A forme

*of Troylus and Cresseida.*

A forme of strangnesse as we pas along,  
So do each Lord, and either greet him not  
Or els disdaynfully, which shall shake him more:  
Then if not lookt on, I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What comes the generall to speake with mee?  
You know my minde Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Aga.* What saies *Achilles* would he ought with vs?

*Nest.* Would you my Lord ought with the generall.

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing my Lord:

*Aga.* The better.

*Achil.* Good day, good day:

*Men.* How do you? how do you?

*Achil.* What do's the Cnckould scorne me?

*Ajax.* How now *Patroclus*?

*Achil.* Good morrow *Ajax*?

*Ajax.* Ha:

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* I and good next day too.

*Exeunt.*

*Ach.* What meane these fellows know they not *Achilles*?

*Patro.* They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend,  
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:

To come as humbly as they vs'd to creep, to holy altars:

*Achil.* What am I poore of late?

Tis certaine, greatnesse once false out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men to, what the declin'd is,  
He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others  
As feeble in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,  
Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer,  
And not a man for being simply man,  
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours  
That are without him, as place, riches, and fauour,  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit  
Which when they fall as being slippery standers,  
The loue that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
Doth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall,  
But tis not so with mee,  
Fortune and I are friends, I do enioy:

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